

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOPE WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 325.

A SONG FOR MAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A song for May, whose breath is sweet
With blossoms blooming at our feet;
Whose voice singeth on the river rills
That ripple down the laughing hills.
Oh, happy, happy May!
The robin on the budding trees
Is rocking in the drowsy breeze,
And bubbling from his silver throat
His songs in wordless rapture float.
Oh, happy, happy May!
Above the hills, the firmament
Bends downward like some wide, blue tent.
And we, oh, fairy-footed May,
Are dwellers in your tents to-day.
Oh, happy, happy May!

Our hearts are glad with bird and bee
For what we feel and what we see,
While beauty crowns the hills to-day;
Oh, would our life could keep its May,
It's happy, happy May!

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

The Great Exterminator:

OR,
THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SICK 'IM, PUP!

"ELL larn 'em, I will, sure as water runs down hill," mused Dakota Dan, as he galloped away from the presence of the outlaw chief. "I'll let 'em know that I'm a imported desic kity—that ole Dakota Dan, the great Triangle, are a hurricane in the disguise of a zephyr. Age is tellin' on us, it are true; man, hoof and howler are not so young as we war once; but then, our faculties are still good. My ole eyes ritches out handsomely yet. Patience jogs along right peartly, an' Humility ranges jest 'bout as well as when a two-year old pup. Criminy! we're good for several more races, tussled and fights yet—and, while I think about it, there's that chief Fast-foot, friends, that we've got to look after. He's got a little dockymin' in his gaiter that may be of value to us or somebody. So, peg it down, Patience, for the varlet's got, considerably the start on us. Sail right into it, ole lightnin', for I know you're feelin' purty fresh and skittish."

The mare seemed to fully comprehend the words addressed to her, and at once quickened her pace—gliding along the great brown ocean of grass with remarkable speed.

Meanwhile, the Sioux chief, Fast-foot, was moving across the plain at a slow, swinging gallop. He was mounted upon a pony more remarkable for endurance than speed. He felt no fears of danger, for he had assured himself that there were no enemies in the immediate vicinity. He carried a rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with all three of which he was a skillful hand. He was a shrewd, wary and cunning chief. His cold, sullen countenance was that of the true savage. He never turned his head as he galloped onward, but kept his dark eyes on the plain before him.

Suddenly, however, his trained ear caught a faint sound behind him. He glanced back over his shoulder and discovered a horseman galloping down the hill directly toward him. He saw that he was a white man, for he was not over a hundred rods away. At a glance the chief recognized the man as he whom he had left at the grove with his friends.

For a moment the chief was undecided as to the course he should pursue. He knew not the object of his pursuer, but he thought that he might have been sent after him by Prairie Paul, with some additional news for the chief, White Bear. This, however, he knew, upon second thought, was impossible, for the old man and his mare were both laboring under apparent infirmities when he was in their presence. One thought begot another in rapid succession, until it finally occurred to the chief that there had been some deception about the old man—that he was an enemy in disguise, and so he urged on his pony to its utmost speed. But, despite his efforts to elude the old man, he found that he was gaining rapidly. The chase, however, continued a mile or more—until not over ten or a dozen rods separated them, when the Indian suddenly turned his pony to the right, and sweeping around, came to a halt after describing a half circle.

"Streder, you lopin' varmint!" yelled Dakota Dan, at the top of his lungs; "streder, uncootsooshin!"

The savage raised his rifle and fired, but as the old ranger was in motion, his bullet went wide of its mark.

"A bad shot, red-skin, a bad shot; and it leaves you in an excooshatin' desic kity," shouted Dan, as he brought his mare to a stand; "we're after you, hot and heavy, and if you value your anatomy wuth the effort, you must come right down with that little paper in your slipper."

The chief sent back a defiant whoop, then began calmly reloading his rifle. He felt no fears of the feeble-looking old man.

"Be keeful, ingin," cried the latter, raising his rifle, "don't tamper with a magazine. I'm old, but I'm mighty. Go a leetle slow, chief, for I tell ye yer in the immejiate vicinity of a yearthquake—a rollin' thunderbolt—an excooshatin' desic kity. I'm mortal pizen to red-skins—like May-apple to a hog. We three—that's man, hoof and howler—are what's called



He advanced to the side of the fallen savage, and cutting the moccasin from his foot, secured the paper.

the Triangle— See here, ole doofunny, it's my shot!"

The old ranger saw that the savage was about to raise his rifle for a second shot, and as the distance between them was not sufficient to secure his safety from the enemy's bullet, he was compelled to act without a moment's hesitancy.

Quick as the thought itself, he threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The red-skin's pony reared, and plunging forward, fell dead. In the confusion consequent upon the old man's shot, the savage's rifle was accidentally discharged, leaving him for the time being at the mercy of his enemy.

With a shout, Dakota Dan started toward the chief.

"Stand, red-skin!" he yelled, "for here we come a-boomin'—full tilt—stand, or we'll amnyate you!"

The savage grasped his tomahawk. Dakota Dan drew a revolver from the bosom of his hunting-shirt.

Some twenty paces from the chief, Dan drew rein.

"Ingin, you must give me that paper in your boot," he said, in an expostulating manner: "I must have it—I will have it, and if you don't come right down with it, mind I tell ye, ye'll hear a queer rumblin' like a yearthquake."

"Complimentary, you are, ingin, but then the Rackbacks are not without their little faults as well as other old Puritan families. But death is all that'll tame a red-skin—yes, all that'll bring 'em anyways near civilized life."

"This is all that'll tame a red-skin—yes, all that'll bring 'em anyways near civilized life."

"The old man speaks big words, but they are lies," retorted the savage, indignantly.

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"Fast-foot is not a coward."

"I daresay you're not, but then maybe you're not just prepared to die, and your spiritual condition will make no difference with me. I want that paper, and you're in no condition to buck aginst a tornado; so now, out with it, or down goes yet meat house!"

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spur of the moment, uttered a groan of agony and threw himself on the earth between the horses where the wagon could pass over him, rather risking the dangers of the animals' heels and the rolling wheels than the chance of a second shot from the outlaw's revolver.

To still further mislead his enemies in the belief that he had been killed outright, the wagon-wheels passed over a gopher-mound about the time he fell, and they were sure it was the lifeless body of their driver.

Snowball lay prone upon the earth, his body parallel with the course the team was pursuing, and the wagon passed over him and rattled on. Through fear, however, that his deception might be discovered, he lay perfectly quiet for some time; but when the sound of the wheels and the men's excited voices had died away in the distance, he ventured to open his eyes and gaze up into the purple gloom. But at this very instant he heard a soft rustling in the grass near him. A footstep, light as a cat's, approached him. Then two dull, glowing specks of fire appeared but a few inches from the darkey's face. A warm, quivering nose was thrust down against his cheek, and the hot, febrile breath of an animal was breathed into his face.

Terror paralyzed the limbs of the African. He trembled from head to foot and his teeth chattered as if with an ague fit. His first impression was that a huge bear stood over him, and expected each moment to feel the creature's fangs tearing into his quaking form. He tried to speak, but his tongue was as if frozen. It occurred to him that a mental resolution to offer a prayer might give him control of his speech; but even this good resolution failed to take the silence out of his organ of speech.

"Bow-wow-wow!" suddenly burst like the deep crash of thunder over him, breaking the terrible spell that bound him in horror's chain. "Oh, Lord!" burst involuntarily from the negro's lips.

"Hullo! what now you got there, Humility, ole dorg?" came a queer, interrogative voice, from out the night.

"Bow-wow!" answered the dog over the prostrate negro.

Then a man was heard approaching, with a quick, shuffling gait, through the dry grass, and the black man gathered nerve and strength enough to rise to a sitting posture.

"By the munificent Moses!" he heard the man say to himself as he came nearer, "the pup's got some poor devil there, shure as water runs down hill."

"You just right, you be, stranger," said Snowball, taking courage by the friendliness of the man's tone.

"Well, now, who the Samuel-hill be you? What are ye doin' round here? Whar ye goin'?"

" Didn't ye hear dat waggin' jis' now?" asked the darkey, rising to a sitting posture.

"I'm not deaf," was the laconic reply.

"And didn't ye hear dat pistol shot?—and dat death-groan?"

" Edzactly."

"Well, sah, dat ornery Prince DeLano fired de shot, and I done de groanin', den I rolled off de horse in de grass, and here I are; but I'se not dead."

"So I perceive. But I s'pose you got yourself into a sort of deefickity with yer friends?"

"Don't know what dat is, but I know old Massa DeLano got mad as a hornet 'ca'se I wouldn't drive de team to soot him; and so he ups and hangs away at dis nigger."

"Nigger!—ugh—hump!" ejaculated Dan. "I thought you looked a leetle dark in the night."

"Golly! I can't see dat your 'plexion makes much ob a shini in de gloom. Guess, den, you's colored too."

"No, I'm not a nigger; I'm Dakota Dan—that is, me and my mare Patience, and my dorg Humility. We are the great Triangle of the Nor'-west—we three are; and are in hunt of game, all the way from a red-skin to a nugget of gold. But, lookee here, darkey, who's in that wagon?"

"Prince DeLano, Bert Bertram, Theda Trott and another feller," replied Snowball. "They started out from Sioux City, and said dey war gwine to de Black Hills to hunt gold, and dey hired me, and my mare Bess, to go long with dem. I war to work de mare and do de drivin' and did so till dey try to kill me. But I jis' tell ye, 'Coaty Danyil, dey acts mighty strange, sometimes. Dar's somethin' in de wagon dat dey guard like gold—never let dis nigger go 'bout it closer dan de horses; and dey always kept de cover closed down. I know dey's a bad set ob men, for long arter I'd gone to sleep last night wid one eye open, a man, all fixed up—whew! come to camp; and de men called him Captin' Paul—"

"Prairie Paul! I'll bet a land title in the vicinity of the North Pole," interrupted Dan.

"Think I hear 'em call him dat name, Danyil," said the negro, scratching his woolly pate, reflectively; "but as I was gwine to say, he come to camp, and dey all put der heads together, and talk, and talk, and talk, in low tones. But what dey talk 'bout, I couldn't tell, but known it war somethin' bad; and I'se mortal glad I got away from dem. But dey's got my mare Bess, and dey neber paid me for her, either."

"I'd have her away from them or bleed," said Dan.

"Dar's four ob dem and only one ob me."

"Say the word and we thre'll git her for you."

"What three am dat?"

"Myself, Daniel Rackback, my mare Patience, and my dorg Humility. We constitute the great Triangle of the Nor'-west. Patience, my mare, nigger, is the fastest and bestest critter that ever boxed soil in Dakota, and Humility, my dorg, as good as snuffed a trail or sunk tooth."

"Don't dispoost wid you, 'Coaty Danyil, but if I had my mare Bess here, I'd beat you all to shucks a-runnin'!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Dan. "Nigger, you don't know what yer sayin', do ye? You never seed a fast horse aside of my Patience. Why, she's a reg'lar ole doofunny, and can outrun, out-jump, out-kick anything this side of judgment day."

"Lookee!" exclaimed Dan, "what a natural born liar you be, nigger! But then, I'll admit sich runnin' might be possible, and if so, it's awful fast. But you'd ort to see ole Patience rack back on her dew-claws. Fire and towl she's inspired lightning! The fastest she ever done was down on the plains of New Mexico where something less'n two million Commanders got after us, bent on our skulls. It was on a dark night—darker'n to-night, for in-

stance. We lit out for safety, and great Ju-dea, nigger!—the air fairily sizzed along our trail, and smoke and sparks marked our path through the darkness—"

"What, from your pipe?—war you smokin'?" interrupted the astonished Snowball.

"No, thunderation, no! They come from fast runnin'. You see, Patience flashed along so like a meteor that the friction against the air and darkness came mortal nigh producin' spontaneous combustion."

"Oh, mortal Casars! Lor! Lor! I'se done for. I'll give up, 'Coaty, dat you can beat the world whooppin'. You's de toughest pill I haber tackled, but den if I elber git my Bess mare from dem fellahs, I'll run you a big race just to see how many miles you'll leave me behind in a hundred yards!—whit! what dat noise?"

"Silence! silence!" demanded Dan.

Both listened intently. They heard a sound approaching them resembling the rumble and rattle of a wagon.

"By Ju-dea, nigger!" exclaimed old Dan, "here comes yer men back like Satan beatin' tan-bark. They're lost and wanderin' about over the peraro like a set of fo ls. Now then, Snowdrop, if you'll swear that you'll stick to me in the distance, he ventured to open his eyes and gaze up into the purple gloom. But at this very instant he heard a soft rustling in the grass near him. A footstep, light as a cat's, approached him. Then two dull, glowing specks of fire appeared but a few inches from the darkey's face. A warm, quivering nose was thrust down against his cheek, and the hot, febrile breath of an animal was breathed into his face.

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"By Ju-dea, nigger!" exclaimed old Dan, "here comes yer men back like Satan beatin' tan-bark. They're lost and wanderin' about over the peraro like a set of fo ls. Now then, Snowdrop, if you'll swear that you'll stick to me in the distance, he ventured to open his eyes and gaze up into the purple gloom. But at this very instant he heard a soft rustling in the grass near him. A footstep, light as a cat's, approached him. Then two dull, glowing specks of fire appeared but a few inches from the darkey's face. A warm, quivering nose was thrust down against his cheek, and the hot, febrile breath of an animal was breathed into his face.

"Bow-wow-wow!" suddenly burst like the deep crash of thunder over him, breaking the terrible spell that bound him in horror's chain.

"Oh, Lord!" burst involuntarily from the negro's lips.

"Hullo! what now you got there, Humility, ole dorg?" came a queer, interrogative voice, from out the night.

"Bow-wow!" answered the dog over the prostrate negro.

Then a man was heard approaching, with a quick, shuffling gait, through the dry grass, and the black man gathered nerve and strength enough to rise to a sitting posture.

"By the munificent Moses!" he heard the man say to himself as he came nearer, "the pup's got some poor devil there, shure as water runs down hill."

"You just right, you be, stranger," said Snowball, taking courage by the friendliness of the man's tone.

"Well, now, who the Samuel-hill be you? What are ye doin' round here? Whar ye goin'?"

" Didn't ye hear dat waggin' jis' now?" asked the darkey, rising to a sitting posture.

"I'm not deaf," was the laconic reply.

"And didn't ye hear dat pistol shot?—and dat death-groan?"

" Edzactly."

"Well, sah, dat ornery Prince DeLano fired de shot, and I done de groanin', den I rolled off de horse in de grass, and here I are; but I'se not dead."

"So I perceive. But I s'pose you got yourself into a sort of deefickity with yer friends?"

"Don't know what dat is, but I know old Massa DeLano got mad as a hornet 'ca'se I wouldn't drive de team to soot him; and so he ups and hangs away at dis nigger."

"Nigger!—ugh—hump!" ejaculated Dan. "I thought you looked a leetle dark in the night."

"Golly! I can't see dat your 'plexion makes much ob a shini in de gloom. Guess, den, you's colored too."

"No, I'm not a nigger; I'm Dakota Dan—that is, me and my mare Patience, and my dorg Humility. We are the great Triangle of the Nor'-west—we three are; and are in hunt of game, all the way from a red-skin to a nugget of gold. But, lookee here, darkey, who's in that wagon?"

"Prince DeLano, Bert Bertram, Theda Trott and another feller," replied Snowball. "They started out from Sioux City, and said dey war gwine to de Black Hills to hunt gold, and dey hired me, and my mare Bess, to go long with dem. I war to work de mare and do de drivin' and did so till dey try to kill me. But I jis' tell ye, 'Coaty Danyil, dey acts mighty strange, sometimes. Dar's somethin' in de wagon dat dey guard like gold—never let dis nigger go 'bout it closer dan de horses; and dey always kept de cover closed down. I know dey's a bad set ob men, for long arter I'd gone to sleep last night wid one eye open, a man, all fixed up—whew! come to camp; and de men called him Captin' Paul—"

"Prairie Paul! I'll bet a land title in the vicinity of the North Pole," interrupted Dan.

"Think I hear 'em call him dat name, Danyil," said the negro, scratching his woolly pate, reflectively; "but as I was gwine to say, he come to camp, and dey all put der heads together, and talk, and talk, and talk, in low tones. But what dey talk 'bout, I couldn't tell, but known it war somethin' bad; and I'se mortal glad I got away from dem. But dey's got my mare Bess, and dey neber paid me for her, either."

"I'd have her away from them or bleed," said Dan.

"Colonel King will hang Francis Marion when he catches him."

The Swamp Fox ate his potatoes alone for several minutes.

At the end of that time he was joined by Nick of the Night, whom he greeted with great cordiality.

"Trooper Nettleton is a gallant fellow," Marion said, recurring at once to the man being led to the gallows-tree on the bank of a small but deep tributary of the Ashley. "But we cannot spare spies for that. Boy, I appreciated your love of bravery; but I could not save. That dog of yours is worth his weight in gold. He has done the cause a valuable service."

Nick of the Night glanced at Whig, who was looking up into Marion's face as if he understood the compliment.

"He has saved my life upon several occasions," he said. "Once when I was at the mercy of trooper Nettleton's pistol."

The chief gave the young partisan a look of amazement.

"And yet you plead for him?"

"Yes, General. Will you listen to a strange story?"

There was a something in the speaker's tone that riveted Marion's gaze to his face, and the partisan leader was instantly all attention.

"I am ready to listen to anything," he said. "Talk fast, for I am always eager to get to the end of a narrative."

Nick of the Night did talk fast. He talked as if he were going to save a life at that moment in jeopardy, and it was curious to see how the General dwelt on the words that fell in quick succession from his lips.

For the first time in his young life, the youthful partisan unb burdened his heart to man.

With a flushed face he told Marion of his love for Helen Latimer, the staunch loyalist's daughter—to it with a little stammering, which amused the General, but told it well. He recited his suspicions concerning Helen's true parentage, and did not hesitate to declare that Hugh Latimer was not her father. He told of the remarkable resemblance between Helen and Jotham Nettleton, and then paused to note the effect which his somewhat lengthy narrative had produced.

Marion was silent, but not a little excited.

"They are brother and sister!" cried the boy. "I know it! The secret of Helen's parentage is buried in his breast, and he can expose the crimes of Hugh Latimer. He has been to Azalea, and in a manner that resulted in a perilous adventure characteristic of the fiery spirit which he possessed.

Marion's command had for some time been idle. The British, not thoroughly recovered from the capture of Colonel Holly, refused to venture far from cover, and the patriots were talking of marching north to join Greene, who was about to give Rawdon battle.

The young partisan's soul thirsted for excitement, as he had fully recovered from his wound, and he very naturally turned his attention to Lancaster Wingdon, the young Tory, whose shot had almost terminated his existence.

But first he must see Helen Latimer; she must know that he still drew a sword for liberty, and one evening he stole from the greenwood camp unattended and rode in the direction of Azalea.

The old house looked dark and gloomy in the weird light of the stars, and the youth found the post-office in the oak devoid of a single scrap of paper. Over the scene rested the stillness of the grave; there was no light in the window where often Helen had placed a signal that communicated important intelligence, and Hugh Latimer's library looked dark and forbidding.

This unnatural aspect puzzled the young free trooper; but after a while he found himself rapping at the low door of a small cabin, which was the last of a line of such structures in the left of the house.

The negro quarters!

Presently the voice of a negro from within reached the visitor's ears, and the door opened cautiously and small-like.

"Golly! who 'stirbin' a darkey dis time o' night?" was the inquiry that greeted the boy.

"Me, Nero. I want to ask you about your little mistress."

A cry of recognition, fortunately not loud, followed the partisan's speech, and the door opened far enough to admit of the egress of a sable giant.

"Golly mighty! dat you, Massa Nick! Why, dey gone say dat you war dead—dat you never come back to hunt Missus Helen, who am de best angel in Souf Carolina."

"Hunt up Miss Helen, Nero!" cried Nick of the Night. "What do you mean? Where is your mistress?"

Marion gave his companion a quick glance.

"That was down at the creek!" he said, and the reply that the boy gave was lost to the General's ears, for his steed struck fiercely by the spurs, had darted forward like a projectile from a catapult.

No other shot greeted the ears of the twain, who cut the air in their rapid gallop toward the creek.

Where was the little tributary? Miles and miles away it seemed to the boy, who kept at Marion's side. Would they never reach the place of execution? What did that startling shot mean?

At length the voices of men were heard, and the two riders found a group of excited partisans on the bank of the creek, not quite miles from the edge of the wood.

"Where's the spy?" demanded Marion, drawing rein in the very heart of the group, and on the edge of the bank fifty feet below which flowed the dark waters toward the Ashley.

The man started from the countenances of their chief, and their tongues seemed incapable of speech.

"Where's the spy?" thundered the Huguenot.

"I want somebody to answer me!"

Nick of the Night held his breath when he heard a word fall from the lieutenant's lips.

"We brought him to this spot," the officer said, coming toward Marion.

"No minute report, Wooleott," interrupted the Swamp Fox. "Did you hang him?"

"No!"

The eagle eye of the General swept through the crowd.

"Where is he?"

"He broke from us when we were binding his hands and leaped to the creek, but before he could spring from the bank, at this very spot, he was shot dead!"

A groan escaped the young partisan's lips, and Marion's countenance fell.

"He was a young Samson," Lieutenant Wooleott resumed. "He struck Gentian and knocked him sixteen feet by actual measurement. I would have saved him; but Rhodes shot too quick."

"Are you certain that he was killed?" asked Marion.

"Yes; he said nothing, but reeled and fell over the bank just like a dead man would fall."

No other questions fell from the General's lips; the lieutenant's last words seemed to satisfy him, for he commanded a return to the camp.

"I would have saved him," he said to Nick of the Night, thus quoting from the lieutenant; "but Rhodes' ball has sealed his doom. Good-bye, trooper Nettleton."

CHAPTER XI.

BEARDING LIONS IN THEIR DEN.

WHEN the partisans reached the greenwood camp the day was not far distant; but many fell asleep about the smoldering fires, and silence once more reigned in the retreat.

Night was the time when Marion rode to surprise and victory. Like the lion, he remained in his lair during the day, and his troops rest-

ed and prepared for the nocturnal forays that have made them famous.

Nick of the Night did not sleep. The thought of Jotham Nettleton's fate so fresh in his mind, kept the somnolent god aloof, and he paced up and down before sleeping Marion like a faithful sentinel.

To the chief he had related the incidents which had followed Lancaster Wingdon's moonshot. His trusty horse had borne him unexpectedly into one of Sumter's bivouacs, where the partisan chief lifted him breathless and faint from the blood-stained saddle. The wound was pronounced fatal at the first examination, but the gallant boy showed such vigor that the patriot surgeon did not despair.

The recovery, at first slow, was none the less certain. Strong men and kind-hearted watched the wounded youth, and Sumter soon had the pleasure of seeing him on his feet.

There was rejoicing in the "rebel" camp when the young partisan began to walk without assistance, and when he rode forth to rejoin Marion in the wood many a "God speed you" followed him.

Lancaster Wingdon had fired too high. The ball striking two inches lower would have still-ed his rival's heart.

At the time of Nick of the Night's return to Marion's camp Helen Latimer was, as the reader knows, an inmate of Fort Dorchester. The youth was not aware of this, for her incarceration was effected while he was convalescing in the midst of Sumter's command, and Corporal Nettleton did not choose to tell him.

But he was soon to learn that she was not at Azalea, and in a manner that resulted in a perilous adventure characteristic of the fiery spirit which he possessed.

Marion's command had for some time been idle. The British, not thoroughly recovered from the capture of Colonel Holly, refused to venture far from cover, and the patriots were talking of marching north to join Greene, who was about to give Rawdon battle.

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"That was down at the creek!" he said, and the reply that the boy gave was lost to the General's ears, for his steed struck fiercely by the spurs, had darted forward like a projectile from a catapult.

No word was spoken till the couple emerged suddenly into the starlight, when the report of a gun reached their ears.

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"That is the library of the younger Wingdon—the young Tory's nest," said the boy in a whisper, and a moment later he found himself in the spacious and darkened hall.

Not unknown to the young intruder was the interior of the Tory mansion. He lifted his sword as he climbed the stairs without noise, and pushed down a long corridor toward a light that seemed to shine through a keyhole.

At length he stood before the door in a listening attitude.

A sound like the voice of a person reading in the room beyond the closed portal fell upon his ears, and he touched the bronzed knob with a motion of eagerness.

The next instant he had opened the door, and was standing face to face with three persons!

Hugh Latimer, Essex Wingdon and his Hotspur son!

Each upon the opening of the portal, had leaped to his feet, and was staring at the unexpected intruder.

The terrible silence that reigned—for silence at such moments is terrible—was broken by the ring of a sword.

"We have you now!" cried the younger Wingdon, coming forward as the young partisan's saber flashed from its scabbard.

"You did not expect to run into such a nest of loyalists," he said. "I heard yesterday that my bullet failed to do its work; but the swords of the king will not forget their cunning. Stand back! I am a match for the young rebel imp who has sought to die in this abode of loyalty."

The young Hotspur's last words were addressed to his father and Hugh Latimer, who were crowding forward with naked weapons, and looks of hate not unmixed with triumph.

"One at a time—or three if you like!" cried the patriot youth. "I am here to fight!"

There was the meeting of sword and saber, and the impetuosity that burned in Lancaster Wingdon's breast forced the calmer boy from the room and into the hall.

He proved himself an expert with the cavalryman's favorite weapon, while the young Tory, who was a good fencer, displayed much skill with the sword that rang like a gong.

"Thrust and parry, parry, thrust and blow!"

Essex Wingdon held the lamp above his head, and thus lit up the hall that resounded with the noise of the well-contested field.

But at last a blow from the partisan's saber sent his enemy's weapon from his grasp, and the next moment the young Tory's left arm fell limp at his side—cut through—through snows, arteries and bone!

A cry of pain followed the sudden blow; the wounded youth sank to the floor, and the victor, with no time for self-congratulations, found himself retreating before the swords of the remaining Tories.

The blows came thick and fast—mad, impetuous blows. They showed that Tory blood was hot as boiling water.

Down the stair, with his face to the foe, the young partisan retreated—yielding ground inch by inch.

Escape was now his object. He could not reach the bodies of his antagonists, but he could parry their impetuous onslaughts, and he heard their pantings and fierce oaths.

Still down the stair he went, nearer safety, and un hurt.

All at once he heard a wild cry that was an oath. Looking up, almost directly overhead, he despaired Lancaster Wingdon leaning over the bannisters.

There was a ghastly object in his uplifted hand—something pale and dripping with blood. It looked like an arm; it was an arm—the member lately severed by the saber!

Such a sight appalled the boy. It was enough to thicken the blood of the stoutest of men.

Lancaster Wingdon himself looked like a maniac.

The spectacle had drawn the eyes of the two Tories from their antagonist, from them.

The horrible tableau was abruptly broken before it had lasted half a minute.

Nick of the Night saw the uplifted hand descend, and the young Tory's bleeding arm came down upon him like a thunderbolt. He tried to dodge the terrible

THE Saturday Journal

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Soon to come—a serial of unusual power and exciting interest—the story of two girls' lives—singularly unlike and yet closely allied—one a rare, lovable beauty, the other of splendid beauty but willful nature—both of whose lives are cast in trying and dangerous paths, living under clouds that in their dissipation prove both the Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity. The story is enchantingly told and will be declared the most captivating and beautiful story of the year!

A new story by Joseph E. Badger, Jr., is in hand, and will appear in due time. It is in his best vein—a wild, strong, stirring story of the West, whose actors are those who command the absorbing attention of every reader, and whose acts involve a most strange record.

We have the unwelcome announcement to make of the death of our contributor, Mr. George L. Aiken. Mr. Aiken was a most amiable gentleman, in the prime of life, and his sudden decease, by pneumonia, has cast a shadow over more than one family circle. He was a special favorite with the young people, and wrote to their great acceptance. He loved the boys and girls, and delighted in catering for them.

To numerous communications in regard to an engraving lately advertised in our advertising columns—most of them expressing satisfaction with the "premium"—we say: this engraving is no offer of our own—is not a premium or gratuity, in any sense, to our subscribers—we disclaim any interest in the matter. Those who have any interest in it must communicate with the parties advertising—not with us. And we may add, we are not in the chromo or steel plate premium business. The "premiums" we offer are given weekly, in the shape of illustrations, by first class artists and engravers, costing at least twice more than any other popular weekly pays for its designs and engravings. THE SATURDAY JOURNAL aims to present only the best in illustration and matter, and prefers to put money in its regular issues rather than on some "work of art" as a special attraction to bridge over a defect or want in the paper.

Sunshine Papers.

Connubial Views of Strictly Domestic Shams.

They were just home from a reception, and it was quite after midnight. She stood before the dressing-case, divesting herself of finery and false hair. Her face was shadowed with weariness and tinged with discontent; Mrs. Showie had worn a silk the color of her own and more handsomely made. He threw his dress-suit over a chair, his boots in a corner, and himself upon the bed; this last with a dreadfully impudent expression, evidently addressed to something somewhere about the bed. He lay quite still there, with his head slightly elevated by his hands, and a very thoughtful expression upon his face as he watched her. Presently the finery was all in its place, and the small quantity of hair not consigned to a drawer was nicely wound at the back of her head, in a little knob with a general resemblance to a horn-button, and she turned toward him. Then she stopped, exclaiming, with treacherous eyes and severe expression:

"William Wrinkle, you are the most aggravating man in all the world!"

"My love," he commended, amiably—men always say "my love" to their wives, and say it amiably, when they are just ready for a little dissension—"I had no idea you were prepared to speak so decidedly upon so vast a subject. But will you tell me what is the matter?" This last with wicked assumption of innocence.

"Matter! You have gone to bed upon the shams, and now they will have to be done up, and I do believe you did it purposely!"

"Have I not told you, a thousand and one times, Mrs. Wrinkle, that if you did not get these confounded things out of the way by bedtime I should go to bed. Now, if you will be so kind as to remove them, I think I'll retire properly."

Mr. Wrinkle tossed the rumpled shams upon the floor, sarcastically remarking that as Mr.

Wrinkle was always grumbling upon the amount of the laundress' bills, he might be glad to know that his little bit of spitefulness would only cost him a dollar and a half.

"Is that all, my dear?" he asked, with serene obliviousness of the spirit of her information. "And will you enlighten me as to how often a dollar and a half has to be spent upon them?"

"Not oftener than once in two months, when they are handled with care," Mrs. Wrinkle replied, with covert rebuke.

"Nine dollars a year, eh? Why, the plaguey things are the cheapest shams of which I know," announced the impregnable Mr. Wrinkle. "So long as you will keep them out of the way when a man wants to go to bed, you can load your pillows with them. Only nine dollars a year—why, Mrs. Wrinkle, you cost me nearly that a day!"

"I—I, Mr. Wrinkle! I believe we were speaking of shams!"—with great indignation.

"Yes, we were, and I have arrived at the conclusion that of domestic shams, these little muslim deceptions that I have just treated so shabbily, are the most simple, harmless, and inexpensive; while one's wife takes the lead for elaborateness, false pretensions, and costliness. Not, my dear," he says, apologetically, perhaps with a sudden reminder of the contiguity of her hand and his head, "that I would intimate, even after a solemn survey of the mysteries of your evening 'make up,' that you are nearly as much of a sham as some women. Yet one cannot help speculating as to how many of one's fair female acquaintances would be recognizable *en disshabille*. What a change there would be in the spirit of one's dreams, and one's expense accounts, if one's feminine dependents were innocent of Lubin's powder, lily white, bloom of youth, milk of roses, Parisian water, pearl powder, pastilles, creams, dyes, several hundred dollars' worth of false hair, hair-dresser's fees, and the exorbitant demands of the modiste, who suggests every kind of device for disguising the figure from the head to the heels, and turns out her victims miracles of art! Ten times to one when a woman is complimented, the sweet flatteries are the just dues of her hair-dresser or mantua-maker; and, oh! whew! the frightful cost of the jewels and laces that Mrs. Shoddie and Mrs. Blueblood alike affect and exhibit, in order to gain social prestige; and the dresses that do serve but for a night; which is the most expensive and senseless item of all. I never could understand why a woman should wear a new dress every time she goes to an entertainment."

"I have told you why, many times, Mr. Wrinkle," acidly interposes his wife. "If a lady wears a costume the second time people will surely set her down as strong-minded or as having a poor husband!"

"Well, my dear, I doubt if half the harm ever came from either of those deductions that have come from the inroads upon a man's fortune made by this incessant demand of women for new dresses. A fine costume should be of use to a lady twice or thrice, at least, in my opinion; and I, for one, should admire a woman 'strong-minded' enough to wear it for a whole season. A woman's dress becomes *prononce* at one wearing, did you say? And so it should; it should be so *prononce* in its perfect harmony with the person adorning it as to render it impossible to disassociate dress and wearer in the impression left upon the beholder's mind, and to create a desire to see the person again and again as in that pleasurable memory. But, if women will not take such an artistic view of matters, they might take a sensible view. A man wears his dress-suit through a season, why should not his wife do likewise, tell me that, Mrs. Wrinkle?"

"I shall tell you nothing!"—in a voice suspiciously damp. "You are a scold, unreasonable man! And I will never go out again if you beguile me even a decent dress!"

"You know that I beguile you nothing—that I desire to fulfill all your wishes. I am merely theorizing, my love!" A thoroughly diplomatic and husband-like explanation. "Cannot a man express his opinion that of many fashionable follies this being ashamed to be seen in the same costume twice is one of the most senseless and harmful, since the wife's whim is often gratified at the cost of the husband's failure or dishonesty, business safety or loss of honor, or the fashionable show made at the expense of many sacrificed home-pleasures and comforts?"

"You can express all the opinions you choose; but if you are only theorizing I would like you to save the theories for some one else, and let me get asleep. And, oh, dear, dear! I wonder if the cook has given the order for breakfast. I quite forgot it. I hope she remembered that I get no porter-house steaks. To think, when I am continually economizing, that you should grumble about the money I spend to dress well!"

And she sleeps and dreams of a dress she can never wear again because Mrs. Showie has one like it; and he sleeps and dreams of some happy accident that enables him to breakfast downtown where he gets his dinners and suppers. Both visions being nearly akin to the last waking thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Wrinkle.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

IMPATIENCE.

The great need of the day and hour is patience, and when this need is vouchsafed us, the world will jog along better, and we shall live longer, wiser, and to a higher purpose.

Children are impatient for their holidays; impatient for their school exhibitions when they can show off their accomplishments and their good clothes at the same time. Once let the word go forth that an exhibition is to be given, then farewell to study. The scholars are drilled in set speeches, and maybe a few set lessons. The visitors arrive, are high in their prides—"never saw so much improvement in their lives," and so forth. All seem to forget that in "getting ready for an exhibition" the real education is forgotten—that much of the time spent in this drilling for show ought to have been used to better advantage over their books and study.

Our reading public are impatient; they cannot read a story through so as to obtain all the sense; they must "hurry and scurry" until they get at the plot, and then skip dozens of pages to see how it is all "going to turn out." The descriptive passages are voted to be "boring" and all the finer portions are gawped over. They must have excitement in every chapter; there must be no "let up" on the interest; so our good authors must "pile on the agony"—cram as much incident in one novel as should serve for three or four.

Lovers are impatient. They want to hear from Edges or Mirandas four or five times a day. If either is late five minutes in keeping an appointment, of course he or she is false and unworthy of any confidence whatever. Those five minutes of waiting are deemed hours of agony, and each thinks that no being tortured upon the rack could endure or suffer more.

Everybody is impatient to get rich at once—to jump into a gold mine without working away with the pick and shovel; they cannot endure to go plodding slowly and surely; they want to travel with the speed of a "Dexter" into sudden wealth, some scarcely caring how such wealth is obtained—whether honorably or dishonorably—so long as it is obtained. It is not a very pleasant subject to dwell upon and so we will dismiss.

Conductors of cars and captains of steamboats are impatient to be at their journeys' end and so steam is put on until the train or steamboat is nothing but a wreck. It is "headlong speed"—"fearful accident"—"no one to blame"—the conductor or captain arrives at his journey's end, but that end is death—as far as this life is concerned—and we cannot probe into the future. But people seem to want to probe into the future and are so impatient for that future to arrive that they visit "fortune tellers" and "second-sight-seers" who know as much about the future as they do themselves. Why do they do so? Their excuse is that "there is some satisfaction in knowing what is to transpire." I wonder if there is much satisfaction in knowing that one has been gulled?

Young people are impatient to rush into print, never thinking whether they have anything to say that the public will care to read. They send their effusions—or confusions, if you think that word more appropriate—and before there is time for the editor to get a chance to read the manuscript they are impatient enough to write a letter, demanding to know "what has become of my article!"

People are too impatient in letter-writing and will not read their missives over before they drop them in the letter-boxes. They will not stop to correct or punctuate. They are not patient enough for that, and so they send off their hastily-written scrawls with the postscript of, "Please excuse errors; I have written in great haste and haven't time to copy." Such indifference, at times, is more than insulting. I'm not writing so much concerning letters by those who really are pressed for time, but those who care and should use more care and patience. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Prince of Wales' Swing Around the Circle.

HAVING received an invitation to accompany the Prince of Wales to India, I took a clean handkerchief and started, promising to telegraph back to the S. J. at great expense and slaughter by way of the Suez canal and the Eric canal.

I have long known the prince just as well as if I had been acquainted with him, and he would not go without me if he never went. On the voyage out I was his constant companion, and if I happened out of his sight he would come running to hunt me, saying he was an orphan and away from home and wanted me to still linger near him.

He shared everything with me, and even when he was sea-sick he wanted me to have it, too; he never was so sick since he last got into the preserve jar; but even his sickness was royal.

When the ship was rolling in a storm I sat on him to hold him down, and prevent him rolling off the deck, and for this he knighted me on the spot as Sir John O'Todd, and made me the Chancellor of the Exchequerboard. When our ship ran over an island which the captain didn't see, Wales (I always address him by this) ordered his head and salary to be cut off, so he would be more thoughtful in the future.

In crossing the Arabian sea we had several suns which the prince commanded to stop, but they wouldn't because they were not on British waters.

I always sat at the right hand of Wales at table to see that he got no fish-bones in his throat, and to cheer him up, and to wipe the molasses off his bosom.

I wrote all the dispatches which he sent back to his wife. A telegraph cable was attached to the vessel as she sailed. Here are some of the dispatches:

"Everything is lovely and the goose is in a state of suspense."

"I am all well, and hope to be better to-morrow."

"I am going to come back again, so don't apply for a divorce."

"I am awfully fat."

"I am now sound asleep dreaming of you."

"I will be home the moment I return, or sooner."

The prince greatly prefers voyaging on land, as it is safer sailing.

We were received at Bombay by a royal salute from the bombazine. Wales was lifted off the boat by a derrick so his feet would not touch the plank; and then came such a scramble by the native hack-drivers and hotel-porters as you never saw. They snatched at his valise and dragged at him until between them all he was nearly pulled in two; each hotel-runner wanted to take him to the cheapest place, and the porters wanted to carry his valise for a shilling.

Presently the governor general came running down from a late dinner and restored order; and welcomed me in a speech which he had greatly forgotten, when I told him of his mistake.

Wales laughed and said the mistake was very easily made, as we resembled each other very much, both having corns.

The governor hailed a hack and said we must all go up to his house and have dinner, as there was some left. He had heard we were coming, but did not exactly know the day or he would have been better prepared. However, we had a plentiful meal, consisting of elephant-steaks, fried and broiled; lion, roast; crocodile, stuffed; tiger, hashed; dormandy, boiled; and monkey, sliced; then a servant picked Wales' teeth, and we had peanuts and an after-dinner chat, the g. g. asking the prince about his mother and the rest of the family.

Then the prince put on his old boots and old clothes and we went a-fishing. I had to put the worms on his hook, but he did the spitting. He always jerked too soon, and so didn't catch a fish. The g. g. was much mortified over this act of disloyalty on the part of the fish, and apologized to the prince in humble terms. The prince was accepting the apology in a speech, when he slipped off the log and would not have got wet if there had been no water under the log.

We returned with a long procession following us, which looked like one of Barnum's entries into town, and after a lunch on cold chimpanzee the g. g. hitched up a couple of elephants to his buggy and he and the prince and I started out to view the town. The natives, with or without costumes, thronged the gorgeous streets on all sides, kicking up their heels, shouting for their future king, standing on their heads, stealing peanuts, picking pocket, running into saloons to get another drink, beating on pine-store-boxes with clubs, playing jews-harps, knocking over apple-stands, tripping each other up, and otherwise manifesting their joy over their prince's visit, as all well-regulated subjects ought to do.

Such gorgeous gaudiness was never before displayed. Everything was decked for the occasion in great splendor. Even the holes in the windows were stuffed with brilliant rags, and the washings which hung out were glorious to behold.

Everything was so dazzling that the whole party had to stop and purchase goggles before we could proceed, and then it was necessary to keep our eyes closed most of the time. The prince slapped me on the back, knocking the breath out of me, and exclaimed:

"Wash, isn't this hunkidorum in the extreme? Could tongue write, or pen utter the fourth of it? As the queen of Sheba remarked: 'This knocks the socks off of everything I ever beheld!'"

I told him it was.

He said he was getting tired of all this splendor and offered to let me take his place and receive the honors, while he went back to his boarding-house, but I wouldn't let him do so.

I told him he ought to be glad that he was the son of his mother, and he said he was.

The music that preceded us was enchanting, and consisted of seventeen bass drums, nineteen gongs and a fife, all on elephants, with fire-crackers tied to their tails and ribbons in their ears.

So brilliant was the pageant with crimson and gold that the alarm of fire was raised, the fire-bells rung, the engines turned out and squirted water over everybody and everything; even the sun went down when he saw there was no use for him to stay up and shine.

(This dispatch costs fifty dollars a word; at this rate if I attempt to describe this glorious scene in detail it would be too expensive. It will be cheaper for the reader to shut his eyes for an hour and twenty minutes and draw a picture of it in imagination or crayon.)

In the evening we went to the varieties on free passes to see the Clack Brook.

Wales had bowed so much during the day and evening that when he went to bed at night his head kept going up and down so much I found it necessary to put a heavy pillow on it to keep it still.

WASHINGTON WHITEH

WHILE THE WORLD GOES ON.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Day breaks and I shall search the scenes!
Life is so sad and yet so sweet!
What golden sunlight intervenes
Twixt life and death, joy and regret—
Ah! who can tell? We stop all time.
We hide our faces in our hands;
We sing no songs—earth holds no rhyme—
All that has loosed from us it's hands.
That other psalm should still be sung,
That other glowing day should rise,
It seemed cruel, but could tongue
Strike such a stinging to our eyes?
And so, because we cannot see,
We grow perverse and chafe within;
But cease while death's obscurity
Vails others' sight—then join earth's die.
And play our old accustomed part
As though our lips breathed never moan,
While they too mourn the world's cold heart,
And grieve their little hour alone!

The Men of '76.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE,
The Pennsylvania Blucher.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In all the history of the War for Independence no name appears on the page more frequently than that of Anthony Wayne, and none shines with a clearer luster. Patriotic to the very heart's core, eager for action and duty, the incarnation of fight, with a will as inflexible as steel, he comes to the front on all momentous occasions, in Washington's own command. Wherever he moved, with his disciplined and invincible brigades, there was decisive work to do.

Before the war was half over, "Mad Anthony" and his deeds were subjects of talk in camp and at firesides throughout all the land. The enemy found in him that *genius for mischief* which made his presence the occasion of redoubled vigilance. His record, from the intrepid retreat from Canada, July, 1776, and the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, in 1777, to the fierce conflict with the savages on the Miami, 1794, is one of brilliant activity in the field, or of patriotic endeavor in legislature, council, and with the people; and in awarding the honors due those who built the edifice of American Freedom, on the brow of Anthony Wayne is placed the wreath of immortality.

Wayne was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 1st, 1745. He came of most honorable "blood," and with fair educational advantages, early gave promise of useful manhood. At eighteen he was so well qualified for his chosen profession, that he entered upon the arduous labors of land surveyor, and soon obtained more than a local reputation. He was chosen (1764) by Philadelphia capitalists (Ben Franklin being of the number) to carry forward a scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, which, under his personal observations and superintendence, gave fine promise of success, but the growing troubles with Great Britain caused an abandonment of the enter-

prise in 1767.

These troubles so enlisted his attention that he soon became one of the most pronounced advocates of liberty, and as such had grave duties thrust upon him, which cannot here be noted. As a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, from the district of Chester (1774-5), he served with signal credit, and was made a member of the Committee of Public Safety, chosen in the summer of 1775—a very august body of men, to whom was intrusted a great responsibility.

Foreseeing that a conflict was inevitable, Wayne was very active (1774-5) in organizing and disciplining the militia of his district—at the same time studying zealously to qualify himself for command.

Congress commissioned him colonel, January 2d, 1776, of one of the four regiments then assigned as the quota of Pennsylvania. His popularity soon filled up his regiment with first-class recruits, and then commenced a military career which his State and his country may well regard with pride. Proceeding to Canada, he showed his soldierly qualities in the retreat forced by Sir Guy Carleton's capture of General Thompson at Three Rivers (July 4th, 1776) Col. St. Clair, next in command, being wounded, Wayne assumed the direction of affairs, and succeeded, by masterly skill and perseverance, in saving most of the corps.

The post on the Sorrel river now had to be abandoned, and the retreat continued down Lake Champlain—the British pressing Sullivan hard, and relentlessly bent on destroying the whole invading force. Wayne's regiment was the rear guard of that retreat, and it was largely due to his tireless vigilance and pluck that the little army finally reached Crown Point (July 17th), with all its baggage. Thus ended the famous "invasion," devised to add Canada to the American Confederacy, but a failure owing to inadequacy of means and loss of time entailed by the remoteness of the field of operations.

Wayne was now given command of the grim old fortress of Ticonderoga—already so renowned in the annals of war—and Congress conferred on him the rank of Brigadier (Feb. 21st, 1777), as a mark of appreciation of his merits.

But fort life did not comport with his restless spirit. He earnestly sought for service in the main army, under Washington, and in May, 1777, was permitted to join that army, at the head of a brigade of the Pennsylvania line. This brigade performed good service in New Jersey, in driving Howe back in his attempt to penetrate the State (June, 1777)—greatly to Washington's admiration. When Howe approached Philadelphia from below, by way of the Chesapeake, the battle of Brandywine [see sketches of Washington, Greene, Lafayette, etc.] followed (Sept. 11th). To Wayne was given the defense of Chad's Ford, and all day long he held Kynnahson's whole division at bay, and thus arrested the flank movement designed by Howe to cut off the American retreat. It was a trying ordeal, nobly sustained, for which all the country was most thankful. Had the British movement been a success, and the American Army then captured, the "rebelion" would there have ended in overwhelming disaster. Wayne literally saved the day.

In the new disposition of forces, Wayne was again given the post of danger and honor—being ordered to attack Howe, in his position near the Warren tavern, and this attack was just about to be made with daring fury, when a perfect deluge of rain frustrated an enterprise conceived not in desperation, but in the sublime resolution of duty. The rain almost ruined all the ammunition of the American army. This compelled a rapid retreat up the Schuylkill to Parker's Ferry, in which movement Wayne had the advance—"feeling for the enemy" all the way—deeply impressed with the army's peril and alert for any con-

To follow the maneuvers and conflicts that ensued is to repeat, to some extent, what has been chronicled in other papers. Wayne was so quick for service that even on the retreat he was ready to assail. To seize the enemy's baggage was a daring exploit confided to the Pennsylvanian, with his brigade now reduced to fifteen hundred men. Recrossing the Schuylkill he took post (Sept. 20th) at Paoli tavern. Traitors informed the enemy of this movement, and this brought the British in force down upon him near midnight. Wayne was forced to cut his way through, with a loss of one hundred and fifty men. For this seeming surprise he asked a court-martial investigation—which was granted, and he was "acquitted with the highest honor."

Howe, possessed of Philadelphia, was under incessant surveillance. In the stroke upon his detachments occupying Germantown, Wayne and Sullivan commanded the American right. At dawn (Oct. 4th, 1777) Wayne's own brigade, under his personal lead, charged the position at Mount Airy, and after a sharp and sanguinary fight, drove the enemy over two miles—the bayonet doing dreadful work. A heavy fog, however, was long, settled thick over all and so confused movements, that a great victory was lost. Howe had time to push forward powerful reinforcements, and when the fog lifted, at ten o'clock, was discovered in dangerous proximity to the too much scattered Continental regiments. Wayne covered the retreat with consummate strategy, his artillery soon ending any attempt at pursuit.

In that "winter of discontent" at Valley Forge (1777-8) Wayne's brigade participated, and to it was confided the dangerous and delicate task of foraging on the country for sustenance. For a month the brigade scoured through New Jersey, hunted by the vigilant enemy, but never caught, and returned to camp with food enough to give the starving troops new heart and new strength.

Howe's "masterly inactivity" in Philadelphia was followed by his resignation. In June (1778) Sir Henry Clinton assumed command, and with orders to at once evacuate the city and to retire to New York. This movement across "the Jerseys" Washington sought to impede, and struck the enemy's rear at Monmouth. As detailed, in the sketch of Lafayette, Clinton suddenly turned, and Lee—in command of the American advance—as suddenly retreated. Wayne, with but seven hundred men, having been placed in the extreme advance, was, by that retreat, forced to very sharp fighting. The enemy strove hard to cut off this rear guard, but Wayne's splendid intrepidity preserved his whole command, and when Washington rode forward to arrest the retreat, he found Wayne fiercely contesting a strong position, which he would not give up, and maintained it, much to the Chief's satisfaction and Clinton's discomfiture. The next morning the enemy was gone, and Washington's forces once more concentrated along the Hudson and at White Plains.

By court-martial Lee was suspended from command for one year. Wayne's testimony being very severe upon the general, a sharp correspondence ensued between the two; but Lee, smarting under the implied disgrace, retired permanently from public life, and Wayne never pressed the challenge given in his last communication.

Not to dwell upon minor military moves of the army watching Clinton, during the fall and winter of 1778-9—not stopping to note Wayne's most important services exerted in Philadelphia to forward the interests of the cause, then imperiled by clamors for peace and failure to provide for the army—we may direct to the brilliant exploit of the storming of Stony Point.

Clinton having secured the strong positions of Verplanck's and Stony Point, on the Hudson, commanding King's ferry, to open that most important thoroughfare Washington called Wayne to his counsels, and a secret assault of the powerful fortress of Stony Point was finally arranged—Wayne, with his newly organized picked "light corps," to do the work. How perilous was the enterprise may be inferred from the order that any soldier retreating one foot would be run through, on the spot, by the officer nearest at hand. The assault was made in two columns, on the night of July 15th, 1779—Wayne heading the right and Col. Butler the left. Not a shot was fired by the assailants. The guard at the base of the hill were bayoneted ere the smoke of their muskets had vanished in air. The fort above opened with grape, but, silent as specters, the two rows of men mounted the steep declivity, and then, as they met above, commenced swarming over the walls. A terrible crash of arms followed, but, for a moment, for the astounded enemy, not bayoneted at their guns, quickly cried for quarter, and that most impregnable fortress was won. Wayne was struck in the head by a ball, but, though knocked down, was assisted to his feet and by his aids into the works. By his order every one of the garrison, not then slain, was spared. The American loss was only fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded—the British, sixty-three killed and five hundred and fifty-three prisoners.

This exploit filled all the land with Mad Anthony's fame, and baptised his "light corps" with glory.

As the British fleet commanded the river and Fort Lafayette's guns could play on the post, all the splendid guns, munitions and stores of the Stony Point fortress were removed; a mine was exploded under the abutments and the position was abandoned (July 18th)—to be repossessed by the enemy.

The straitened circumstances of the country compelled Washington to remain almost wholly on the defensive the rest of this year, and not until May, 1780, did the chief again call Wayne from his home in Chester to the field.

In several spirited affairs in New Jersey the enemy were again warned of the prowess of the Pennsylvania brigades. Wayne was with Greene at Springfield, New Jersey, when the treason of Arnold was announced, and, answering to Washington's call, the Pennsylvania troops made a forced march for West Point, to provide for whatever contingency might arise. Wayne was the man for such a crisis.

The dismal winter, 1780-81, witnessed the revolts of the Pennsylvania brigades, which for a while threatened the gravest consequences, but was, by Wayne's influence over the men, amicably arranged—most of the men scattering to their homes on furlough. This dispersed this noted body of troops, that when Wayne was ordered to Virginia, to operate against Cornwallis, only the potency of his name had power to gather the brigades again.

In May, 1781, however, they were with Lafayette's army, and gave Cornwallis more than one taste of their quality. At the final siege of Yorktown, Wayne's troops did admirable service and were in the glorious consummation.

Then Wayne went to Greene's aid, in Georgia, where, with a meager force, in five weeks'

time he had the enemy cooped up in Savannah—by a ruse captured a large body of Choctaw Indians going in to aid the British—secured the large pack train—gathered tories and negroes into battalions and made good fighters of them—had a terrible fight with the combined British and Creek Indians, and scored a signal victory, and was in possession of Savannah July 11th, 1782—all forming a most extraordinary and romantic campaign.

Then he turned to help Greene, in South Carolina, and being given a strong body of troops, including his old brigades, he assisted materially to confine the enemy in Charleston, and was in Greene's occupation of that city, Dec. 14th, 1782. One of the very last acts of the drama of American Independence was Wayne's occupancy of the evacuated fort.

Six months being given to making peace with the Southern Indians, he returned home, an honored and noted man. He was much in public life, and having been given an estate by the State of Georgia, was elected to Congress from that State in 1792, but could not qualify, being a citizen of Pennsylvania. In that year he was made commander-in-chief of the American army for the suppression of Indian and British hostilities in the North-west Territory. Washington, alarmed by the defeats of Hamer and St. Clair, in the two previous years, called Wayne to the command, as the very best man for the hard task. That task was so well done that the fierce tribes of the West, after many a bloody struggle, were so thoroughly broken that the grand treaty of peace signed at Greenville, Ohio, August 7th, 1795, gave the whole vast region peace. The story of that war and that peace is one of the most interesting in our stirring and troublous history.

Wayne received a grand ovation on his return home; but was not long permitted repose, for Washington (June, 1796) dispatched him to take possession of the north-west posts and fortresses secured to us by the Jay treaty with Great Britain. He therefore visited the territory again and reinstated our military and civil authority in all the districts, until then British possession. It was an important and delicate mission, and one, alas! from which he never returned. When sailing down Lake Erie, from Detroit to Presq' Isle (now called Erie City, Pa.), he was attacked (Nov. 17th) with the gout, and lingered along until Dec. 15th, (1796), when he passed quietly away.

The country mourned its loss; and the numberless tributes to his memory attested the honor in which he was held by all classes of people. His body, first buried at Presq' Isle, was removed, in 1809, to his family cemetery, at Waynesborough, Pa., where a fine monument, erected by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, fittingly commemorates his services and virtues.

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"And the charge you make against him is that of murder?"

"Yes, sir; he committed a murder two months ago, that would be worthy of the most hardened criminal."

"I hope he can prove himself innocent, sir, not only for his own sake, but for yours, for you seem to have taken a great interest in him but my duty is plain—he must go with me to jail!"

"Good God! Everard, speak! what have you to say for yourself?" cried Colonel Erskine, earnestly, of the youth, who, pallid as death, trembling violently, and with downcast eyes, stood in silence, and seeming despair.

As if about to speak his answer to Colonel Erskine, his lips moved; but Clarence cried, quickly:

"Hold, Everard! do not open your lips, and to those who address you make no reply, else you commit yourself."

"Go with these men you must; but be brave, be strong, and all will come right in the end, for I am convinced that there is some terrible mistake here—that you are as innocent as an I, of this charge against you."

"I thank you, sir, from my heart, I thank you," murmured Everard, and turning to the officer in charge, he said, firmly, while he looked him full in the face:

"I am ready to accompany you to prison, sir."

The shrinking, trembling manner had gone, and like a fearless man he faced his accusers.

"I will accompany you, Everard, and see that you are allowed every comfort I can provide for you. Father, will you also go?"

"Yes, my son; it will show that the poor boy is not friendless, and, mind you, officers, you'll rue this arrest if you cannot prove your bold assertion of his being guilty of murder."

At once giving up all idea of his proposed trip South, Colonel Erskine ordered his baggage returned to his room, and a few moments after the party entered the carriage in waiting, and were driven to the city prison, where Everard Ainslie was immediately placed in as comfortable quarters as his two true friends could procure for him.

Once securely in his cell, the youth turned to the detective who had tracked him, as he said, to his doom, and quietly asked:

"Who is it that I am accused of murdering?"

"A nice question for you to ask, my pretty fellow," roughly returned the man.

"A most natural question, I think, as I am the one most interested. Tell me, who was it I murdered?"

"A poor old inoffensive preacher; a man who never harmed any one in the world; a man whose very gray hairs should have protected him, even if the sanctuary of God did not, for you killed him in his own church."

Everard Ainslie turned even more pallid, staggered back against the cold, white-washed wall of his cell, and covering his face with his hands, shook like an aspen leaf, while deep sobs burst through his sputtering teeth.

In dismay, in fear, both Colonel Erskine and Clarence gazed upon him, and in their gaze was a look of deepest compassion.

The detective, the officer who had arrested him, and the jailer smiled grimly.

They believed that the emotion of the youth was a confession, almost, of his guilt.

At length Everard Ainslie recovered himself, choked back the sobs, and with a cold, stern face, asked:

"Who makes this charge against me?"

"The one who drove you on your deadly errand."

"It is false, and did I so desire, I can so prove it, even now, colonel, and you, Mr. Erskine, do not lose your trust in me. When my trial comes, I will prove myself innocent."

"I believe you, my son," kindly said Colonel Erskine, while Clarence returned:

"Everard, cheer up, and I will yet bring you out of this prison with flying colors, for, though certain circumstantial evidence may be strong against you, I feel sure that you are innocent of this charge."

Ten minutes more and Everard Ainslie was alone in a felon's cell.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 223.)

JENNIE.

BY "TRIX."

I asked of the stars last night, Jennie,
What would your answer be,
And they seemed to smile on me brightly
Down from their azure sea.

So with heart made light I hastened
Down to the old worn stile,
And waited for brown-eyed Jennie,
Queen of the rose's wild.

She came with the lovelight flashing
From her laughing eyes,
They, too, seemed to give the same promise
As the stars in the summer skies.

Then I told her the old, old story,
And she bowed her graceful head,
To hide the conscious blushes
That o'er her fair face sped.

And in them I read my answer,
And knew I could safely risk
On her sweet lips, so shyly uplifted,
A grand "Centennial kiss!"

The Masked Miner:
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

LONG hours passed before Grace Harley recovered from the terrible shock she had experienced at beholding the startling secret in the wall. It was certainly some time after day next morning when she knew herself again; for she could hear the far off rumbles of the city betokening the resumption of business. Now and then, too, she could see faint flashes of sunlight struggling through the door-cracks.

The truth is, that, so benumbing was the shock which the girl had sustained, she had passed from a state of temporary unconsciousness to a deep, unbroken quiet of a settled slumber. She had slept the long night through on the floor where she had fallen.

She awoke with a start, and gazed about her for a moment, ere she could recognize her position, for, since her detention in the old house, she always slept on the sofa, at the southernmost side of the apartment. Gradually she recalled the circumstances of the previous evening, and then, like lightning, she felt in her pallid face, as the concealed newspaper crumpled and rattled under her hand. She arose, and taking the paper from its hiding-place, drew her chair directly beneath the chandelier, the jets in which were still burning brightly.

Seating herself hastily, she spread out the paper, and hunted through it for the paragraph which, on the evening before, had arrested her attention.

The paper was the *Gazette*, and it was dated two days after the night of the adventure on the heights of Mount Washington.

The girl gave a quick start as the particular lines soon again caught her eye. Then in a hesitating voice she read aloud:

"THE ABDUCTION CASE.—In our issue of yesterday we referred to the high-handed outrage, perpetrated in our very midst—the abduction of Miss Harley, on other occasions, the most notorious lady of the city. Since then considerable light has been thrown upon the dark transaction. The evidence elicited before Alderman March, yesterday afternoon, seems to fit the guilt—or at least a goodly portion of it—Tom Worth, the miner, employed in the famous 'Black Diamond' mine.

"The man, Bill Diamond, seems, this man does not prove to be the hero he was first thought to be.

"It appears that he was absent from his work and his cabin, without a satisfactory reason, for some time, both before and after the abduction, and the plain, straightforward evidence of Mr. March, and the kindred on the Springfield street bridge—seems beyond a doubt, to fasten the guilt upon the miner.

"This man, Tom Worth, strange to say, has borne a well-earned reputation for honesty and sobriety, and was well received by our friend Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the mine, and particularly so by an old friend, Bill Somerville. Esq.—It was owing to his efforts and untiring diligence that the arrest of the offender was effected. Another strange feature of this case is, that the prisoner, though offered bail, refused it summarily! Thus far he declined to admit that he was guilty, to the man who that he had been the author of the wholesale robbery of the young lad. However, he is safely lodged in jail to await his trial, when it is to be hoped that, if found guilty of this cowardly crime, he will have meted out to him a punishment suited to his deserts."

"I thank you, sir, from my heart, I thank you," murmured Everard, and turning to the officer in charge, he said, firmly, while he looked him full in the face:

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 223.)

The man in his turn started, and hastily rearranged his scarf.

"Me, me, Tom Worth! Why, ma'am, Tom Worth is—but, I can't answer your questions there! Now I'll go after the paper; I'll soon be back."

He opened the door softly, and putting his head forth, peeped around him. Then he cautiously slipped out and closed the door.

He was gone about half an hour, when Grace, who, in the mean time, had partaken sparingly of the breakfast before her, heard him coming back.

He soon afterward entered and closed the door.

"It's all right, ma'am," he said, as if pleased at his success; "I didn't have to go far. Here's the paper, ink, and all. Please be in a hurry, ma'am, for the boss might come, and then you know."

"Yes, never fear, my good man," and the maiden seated herself at once by the table, and drew the writing materials toward her. Her hand trembled as she grasped the pen.

The man had seated himself at some distance and was engaged in repacking the things in the basket.

Grace wrote rapidly. It was a brief letter. She read it over twice and inclosed it in an envelope. Then she hastily scribbled a few lines on the paper, folded it around the envelope, which was already directed, crowded all into another envelope, and directed it.

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and we cannot fail! The right hand tower of the Cathedral will do, and, my boy, we'll go together!"

"Time's up, sir," called the jailer.

"Yes, sir; right away," replied the old miner, buttoning his coat. "Good-by, Tom Pleasant dreams, and a good sleep! and, may be, we'll see one another to-morrow!"

With that he went out, and Tom Worth was again alone.

To be continued—Commenced in No. 318.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Fair flower by fair hands gathered
From the secret hiding-place,
Weary leagues thou hast traveled
To smile at last on my face.

I greet with thousand welcomes,
And wear thee for her sweet sake;
Who thought of me so distant
And pains to send thee did take.

Oh! place thee in my button-hole,
With eyes meeting eyes, gazing
Deep into each other's soul.

* * * * *
Sweet blossom, on my lapel
I wore thee just for a day,
And thy fragrance was filling
The wild air, cheering my way.

Sweet blossom thou art faded,
I tenderly lay thee down;
Thy breath is filled with sweetness
Though thy pleasing hue is gone.

Fading or flowering I cherish
Thee, training arbutus fair;
In my heart-chamber memory
That blossom ever shall wear.

The Cross of Carlyon
OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING
TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER
SERPENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WORK AND WATCH.

It was a three-story, shallow-fronted dwelling in South Bond street. The wooden steps were shabby. The shutters broken or loose, while the urchins who infest the neighborhood had carved slices from the sills in many places. The interior was scarcely an improvement on the exterior.

There was one room, however—the second-story front—which presented the sole exception to the surrounding of neglect, almost squalor. It had been neatly curtained and carpeted, freshly painted, newly furnished; and to this apartment Mrs. Lee conducted the young lady who had come in response to the advertisement in the *Sun*.

"I'm mighty glad it's you," said she, leading the way up the creaky stairs, and flaring the oil lamp with an amusing recklessness. "I'd a heap rather let the room out to a young woman like yourself, 'cause it'll be company for me, you see. And I never did like to have men a-thumpin' round the house, wearin' the stairs with their nails in their boots. I'm mighty fond of company—good company of my own sex. See I'm gettin' old; and, as there ain't nobody but myself, it'll be quite agreeable to have you along. Of course you ain't married?" she suddenly, and casting a quick glance sideways through her spectacles.

"No, madam, I'm not married."

"Um! Well, here's the room. Kind of cozy-like, now, ain't it? The things was just bought bran-new last week—the furniture from Walsh's. There's plenty of ventilation, room to move about; and here's a new wash-pitcher. We don't burn gas. I'll put a big lamp in for you. You'll be satisfied, I'm sure."

"What is the rent of the room?"

"With board?"

"Yes" after a moment's hesitation.

"\$4.50 per week. That includes washing, you know."

"I'll take it."

"Yes," said the old lady, highly pleased; "I know you'd like it; and, now, as that's settled, what's your name, Miss?"

"Chris!" she checked herself suddenly.

"Chris! That's an odd name."

"My name is Christine Page. You interrupted me."

"And mine's Lee—Annabel Lee. I got the Lee by marriage, you know; and, singular enough, my poor dead man's name was Edgar. Here's water"—tapping the pitcher—"and here's comb and brush"—thumping the bureau drawer—"so just make yourself to home. Would you like a cup of tea? I didn't expect an answer from the paper so very soon, and I haven't much for supper the first night."

"I would like a cup of tea, please."

"Very well; when you're ready come downstairs, and setting the lamp on the table she departed, singing, in a cracked voice:

"Not the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever disover my soul from the soul
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee!"

Alas for the poet who lay in the bare grave at Westminster!

Left alone, Miss Christine Page proceeded to arrange her disordered toilet. She was tired and dusty after the ride in the cars, and the fruitless trip to Lochwood. The muff, boa and jacket which she wore loosely, even in that pleasant weather, were cast aside, and bathing her face and hands she smoothed back the opulence of midnight hair from her temples.

Standing before the small mirror, with the lamp beside her, we have a better view of the one who, at a passing glance, we have seen to be unattractive in face and figure.

A square, intellectual brow, and cheeks of velvet and glow. Lips red, and shaped to an exquisite mouth; behind the lips, teeth of marvellous perfection. Ears small, and pink as the soft blush of a sea-shell; neck slender and graceful. But the eyes—eyes that flashed with long black lashes—these were rarest of all, their color of jet and luster of magnificence. The expression of the face was neither stern nor merry; a mold part sad, part resolute, unattractive.

She soon joined Mrs. Lee in the dining-room. Over a cup of tea and tempting brown toast, the old lady grew talkative, evincing a decided appreciation for her new companion.

"Where did you say you came from, dear?"

"Washington," briefly.

"And where's your baggage?"

"At the depot. It was checked to Baltimore. I suppose they will retain it for me."

"Oh, to be sure. You can order it sent here, you know. I'm real sorry I haven't any body to attend to it for you. Have you any friends in the city?"

"Very few, indeed, Mrs. Lee. I may as well admit that I am a stranger."

"Ah! let me advise you to be careful how

you run about, dear. I'd never go out of nights if I was you. The men stand on the corners, in idle gangs, all the way from here to Barnard's wine store, and in some places a good lady's name isn't safe, as she passes by. True as you live, Miss, Baltimore has a wide-spread and bad reputation for its 'corner gangs.' Was you engaged in any particular business, Miss Christine?"

"My visit to Baltimore is to look after private money affairs," said Miss Christine, with emphasis, hoping the remark might check any further inquiries concerning her.

The hint was accepted.

The new boarder did not appear at all sociable, on this first evening of her acquaintance with Mrs. Lee. Directly after the meal she sought her room.

For perhaps fifteen minutes she stood statue-like in the center of the apartment, her white hands clasped before her, and her lustering eyes fixed upon the floor. Her attitude was one of absorbing thought.

The exact detail of her grave meditation we may never know. The transient expressions of the lovely face were disappointment, conjecture, perplexity, the whole supplanted at last by a resolute look, accompanied by a quick, firm pressure of the clasped hands.

"Something must be done," she murmured. "At present I cannot find Mr. Harrison; and though I feel that wealth belongs to me, I have not the means to prove it. Oh! kind Heaven, permit me to find the only friend I have in the world—the only one who can give me back the home I lost when a child."

Seating herself at the table, she drew the newspaper from her pocket. It had served her already; perhaps it would indicate resources again.

"Strange that it was left so long untold me," she continued, aloud, turning and folding the paper, "and every year was dimming more and more the recollection of my childhood. The only one who might have shown me exactly what to do died with a sentence on her lips: 'Find your mother—find Mr. Harrison. Lochwood, Hartford Road, Baltimore.'

How the name of Lochwood sounded in my ears. It was an utterance of my childhood, the conjuring of a brief, sunny page, back, far back through weary years. I have a dim recollection of Mr. Harrison, and that he was good. If I could only find him! But I'm sure I wouldn't know him, if I passed him on the street; and how could he recognize me? Ah! what a web of fate and struggle life is!"

For awhile, at least, the mysterious thoughts were dismissed, and she gave her attention again to the paper.

"I must find work at something, I hardly can conceive what. There is not enough money in my purse, to pay two weeks' board—a fact I must keep from Mrs. Lee's knowledge. Ah! what's this?"

Her searching eyes had caught the following paragraph:

"WANTED—Four ladies on machine work immediately. To competent hands, steady employment. Apply at No. — North Gay street."

The advertisement had been in for two days. This was the last insertion. Perhaps the places were filled, for dozens of girls and women in the city of Baltimore were striving from morn till night, in these hard times, to procure work for their willing and capable hands.

"Fortunately, I can use a machine," said Christine, to herself. "I will go there to-morrow. Anything will do, while I am searching for Mr. Harrison; and out of my wages, I can advertise in the different newspapers. God help me; for I hardly know what I shall do."

She slept calmly through the night. But while she slept, there was no kind vision in her dreams, to warn her of the deep weaving of the plot, in other parts, to snare her in a wicked net.

Early next morning, after breakfasting with the poetical Mrs. Annabel Lee, Christine hastened to the depot to give orders regarding the trunk. Then to the office of the *Sun* and *American*, where she left for insertion a "Personal" intended for the eyes of Mr. Jerome Harrison. By ten o'clock, she entered the store on Gay street.

"Can you work on a machine?" interrogated the lady-clerk, when Christine had stated her object.

"Yes, very well."

"Accustomed to stitching underwear?"

"Most anything," answered the clear, musical voice of the applicant.

"Then take this note up-stairs, if you are willing to work at \$6 per week."

"That will suit me."

Christine ascended to the upper rooms with the note which was given her. As she went, she heard the lady say:

"Mr. Gregg, refuse all further applications in answer to the advertisement. The places are filled."

Ten minutes later there was another applicant. Christine had been none too soon.

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE GAME OF FLOT.

The residence of Preston Arly was on St. Paul street, generally known as "Legal Row."

He was an old established attorney, and, being possessed of wealth, purchased the property in which were his business office and dwelling. A rather antique building, outside, but furnished gorgeously within. Over the broad transom of the door, a sign in ornamental gilt, that read:

ARLY & ARLY,
Attorneys at Law.

It was late in the evening. Preston Arly sat in his office, fumbling over a pile of elongated papers. For a better acquaintance with the man, we take a brief look at him.

His figure short and attenuated, body attired in close garments that made him appear even thinner, more eel-like than he was; arms and limbs resembling some serpents, as they coiled, or shuffled, or darted out, the arms above and the limbs beneath the desk. On a pair of narrow shoulders was a compressed head, sparse-haired on top, wearing the face of an otter, squalid in expression; and the mouth, with only a few teeth—as the head twisted this way and that—seemed ready to bite or snap unpleasant utterances. In age, he was something over sixty years, his reputation was that of the ferret, the fox and the falcon.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, presently, holding up a narrow document at arm's length, and viewing it with a grin. "Aha! here's something I have not seen for many a day: the marriage certificate of Albert Arly and Christabel Forey. Good. Now—" rubbing the point of his sharp nose reflectively—"I wonder if Albert has forgotten the old thing. Um! maybe he'd like to have it—to tear up, no doubt. Eh? That's he, now. Yes."

There was a rumble of wheels outside, and in a few moments Arly, junior, entered the office.

It was the same party who had tracked Christabel to her boarding-house.

"You are working late," he said, as he observed the old gentleman.

"Ah! let me advise you to be careful how

Papers—business. Yes, I'm working late; but you're back early."

Arly, senior, slipped the document into his pocket, and resumed his busy fingering of the miscellaneous heap before him.

"I am back early, to report a discovery."

"Oh! a discovery."

"It relates to Christabel." He tossed his gloves on another desk, and dragged forward a chair.

The sharkish head twirled round, and the mouth was that of a snarling dog.

"Eh! What's that? Christabel?"

"Exactly. About my daughter. After years of traveling and searching, in vain, I have this night met her in Baltimore."

"A mistake, probably."

"No. She is the perfect image of her mother."

"You'll claim her at once!" cried old Arly, in excitement.

"Claim her! You forget that she was a child of some years before her mother died. She's a full woman, now, and the 'claim' dodge won't work. Listen to me. I found out her stopping place, and as I was returning here, in a cab, I formed a plan."

Preston Arly darted out of his chair, and went swinging up and down the room, rubbing his hands on the chair side. The wee, twinkling eyes were bent upon the matting, and he seemed lost in a profound, unpleasant study, for a frown settled in wrinkles on his brow.

"I'll take charge of it! There is all this, and much more, that will suffice to establish her. We'll make money by the operation, and after that—"

"Well, after that?"

"I don't care what becomes of her. My object, now, is to turn the fact of my early marriage to practical account."

"Very clever, very good. Excellent. We'll do it," acquiesced the old man.

"I'll consult further with you to-morrow, about how to begin operations," said Albert Arly, rising; and with an absent "good-night," he left the room.

Preston Arly remained long alone in his office. His pointed chin rested in one hand, and his elbow on the chair side. The wee, twinkling eyes were bent upon the matting, and he seemed lost in a profound, unpleasant study, for a frown settled in wrinkles on his brow.

"Yes," he muttered, in a low, fierce way, recalling the words of his son, "I have had revenge for the treatment I received at the hands of Helen Carlyon. She died not knowing what became of her child, Christabel, the Cross of Carlyon. I had not been so insane in my triumph, I would not have written to Christabel, in her prison-cell, telling her of my vengeance, what for, and in what it consisted. But, who would have thought to see her live, after being hung, and that she would use the information of my letter to gain her inheritance? What a marvelous tumble events do turn sometimes. She moved quickly, too. By the time I discovered that she survived me, she had gone to Lochwood, wrenched the will from the Lizard, and fixed herself right comfortably. And I was in the vessel following that which brought her to America. Had she but delayed a few days, I would have been to Lochwood, paid the Lizard for her task, and done what I might just as well have done in the first instance—destroyed the will. The whole estate might have gone to the dogs. The end was a complete bafflement. I wonder whatever became of the Lizard! The old hag served faithfully. No matter, had some revenge. Now then, this new Christabel, my son's child. I hate whatever sounds, against her, of Carlyon, and could strangle her with infinite pleasure. But she belongs to Albert. He can do as he pleases with her. Yes, and I'll help him!"

The new City Hall bell pealed forth in the silent night. It was quickly followed by others in the alarm of fire.

The sound aroused Preston Arly from his meditations. Extinguishing the gas, he sought his bed-room.

In the same hour that Preston Arly and his son, Albert, were discussing their plan toward the latter's daughter, another important scene was transpiring many miles away.

In the main office of the Union Telegraph, New York city, a man was walking unrested to and fro before the windowed desk—a man of medium stature, handsome face, with luxuriant side-whiskers; a figure of splendid muscle and elasticity.

The click! click! of the instruments seemed to interest and excite him. He paused a moment to listen, and at times would approach the desk with inquiries. He had been there an hour; an hour more passed, while he continued his uneasy walk.

"Is your name Gerard Vance?" asked one of the clerks, suddenly.

"Yes, all eagerness. 'Have you news?'

"There's a message coming in now."

A FRIEND TO DINNER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Before you go to sleep to-night I've got a thing to say: You had to go and bring a friend to dinner here to-day. As if I didn't have enough to do in slaving round for you, And wearing all my life away, now, Waddle, ain't this true?

You couldn't help it? Yes, I know; a pretty thing to say. The only friend you ever brought? You'd have one every day—The principle is all the same; you'd do so if you could! And if I didn't rule this house I'm very sure you would!

A friend for dinner when you're cross if my mamma should come! Ill-natured for a month or more until she starts for home! You're mad, too, when my aunt is here, and she don't stay so long; I'm sure they have a right to come, for ties of love are strong.

You keep me growling at you till I'm getting sick of it. You are sick too? And well you may; that's what I'd have you get.

You're tired? Well, Waddle, ain't I, too, and pray what made me so?

This is a private boarding-house, though you would make it, no!

You want to sleep? Well, so do I, but then I won't for sure.

I am so badly broken down I will not sleep to-night; I'm so poor that you must bring him to our house to feed!

The tavern's near here where they sell what hungry people need.

That wouldn't do? Yes, I know that; it wouldn't do, I see—

You wouldn't get a chance to make a hired girl of me!

You are each one you meet to come and take a meal with you.

As if I didn't have enough for your own self to do.

You don't? You would, sir, if you could; I'm well aware of that.

The next time that you bring a man he'll quickly get his hat.

You guess not? Waddle, look a-here, I have enough to bear,

Don't throw back any words to-night, that shows how much you care.

There never was a wife imposed so much upon as I. Hire a half? What do you mean? What care you if I die?

A pretty man to talk to, you, for you would go to sleep,

And let me talk away all night, but, sir, my wrongs will keep.

Overland Sketches.

BOB SCOTT,
THE LIGHTNING DRIVER.

BY BUFFALO BILL.

SOME years ago, during the palmy days of Ben Halliday's overland stage line, I was at Horseshoe station, when the coach came in from the west. This was a lay-over station, where the passengers took dinner. There were six Englishmen aboard, on their way from California to the States. When the coach stopped, they got out to stretch their legs and get some dinner. They were growing worse than bears with sore heads, and complaining of the slow time the stage had been making, since leaving Salt Lake City.

"The people didn't know 'ow to stage him in this blasted country; Hingland was the place for that, ye know. They believed the bloody drivers were afraid to drive fast hover the mountains."

Bob Scott was the driver who was to drive them from Horseshoe to Fort Laramie. Now, Bob was called one of the best drivers on the division, and at times one of the most reckless men I ever knew.

Bob heard all the talk, and his handsome face lighted up with a smile. "We all feel that Bob was thinking to himself that he would show them how we staged it in this country.

At this time the telegraph was gradually doing away with the pony express, and the pony express was run only ahead of where the telegraph was built. This gave the company plenty of extra pony-express horses, and they were breaking them in for stage-horses. And lively stage-horses they were; for they were used to running the route at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and the team that Bob was to drive out that day was six of those horses, and he was determined to let them go!

While the Englishmen were at dinner the team was being hitched to the coach, and it was no little job to hitch them up; there had to be a man at each of their heads to hold them, while others fastened the traces.

When the party were through with dinner, and saw the six horses pawing the ground, and a man hanging on to each bit, they rubbed their hands with glee, and said:

"Ah, my fine fellows, we will now have a fine ride."

As all good passengers generally do, they asked the driver to have a drink, which Bob never refused.

Gathering up the reins and stepping lightly upon the box, and fixing himself, Bob called out:

"Are you all aboard?"

Cap Crickett, the little messenger, got up with Bob.

"All ready! Turn them loose!"

We all expected to see them go off like a shot. But, instead, Bob put on the brake and held them back all he could, but they got the start of him and ran a few hundred yards before he got them under control.

Going east, out of Horseshoe, it is about four miles to the top of the divide, and nearly all the way, up grade. Bob held them in so tight that he was nearly an hour in reaching the top of the hill. All this time the Englishmen were yelling out to the driver to go faster. Occasionally they would hand him out a flask, and ask him why he did not give them a good ride—that he had a fine team, and they would like to see them go. To all this Bob said nothing; and Crickett, the messenger, knew that Bob was up to something. When they at last reached the divide Bob pulled up, and asked them how they liked staging in this country. From the divide to the next station it is eight miles, and nearly all the way down-hill, and the road is straight.

Bob, taking another pull at the flask, then remarked:

"Now, I will show you how we stage it in America."

Giving a yell, like an Indian, he threw the lines on each side of the horses; they started down the hill like a flash of lightning. Then he threw the lamp down among them, and the wind wheels would not touch the ground for twenty feet. But the horses never for a moment left the road. They had been broken to run the track and nothing could start them out of it. The leaders were fast and kept the fifth chain taut. So, away they went down that mountain road, with the Englishmen scream-

ing and Bob laughing, and I still using the long whip. When the stage got within two miles of the station, the stock-tender saw them coming, and knew they were running away. The doors of the stable were large double doors, and high enough to permit the coach to go in. He knew the ponies were used to running right into the stable. So he thought the best way was not to stop them, but allow them their own way.

Opening the doors the tender waited for them to come. And they were coming, you bet! And he thought how they would bring up standing, when they got into the stable.

On they came, straight as an arrow, for the door. Bob and Cap Crickett, seeing that they were going in, got down in the boot. In they rushed, and would probably have been all right had it not been for the small log that was laying across the entrance which was used in fastening the door. The front wheels struck this with such force that it caused the coach to bound up about two feet. The top of the door frame just struck the top of the coach, and tore it completely off, and there lay men, coach, horses, in one mass in the center of the stable. No one was seriously injured, but some of the passengers were bruised.

Bob, extricating himself from the debris, smiled, and coolly asked:

"Well, how do you like staging in this blasted country?"

Then, backing the stage up, minus a top, he put on another fresh team, and sung out, "All aboard!"

But not one of the passengers would ride with him, as they were perfectly satisfied with his kind of blasted staging.

Getting their baggage out of the now damped coach, they stayed over and took the next coach for the east. On arriving at Atchison, Kansas, they reported Bob Scott. But, of course, there was no notice taken of it, and Bob still continued the "lightning driver" of Slade's division.

Muriel.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OLD Mr. Cloudesley fidgeted uneasily in his faded leather arm-chair, and looked at the faded flowers on the carpet, at the glinting ray of sunshine on the wall, at a rose-bud and geranium leaf in a tiny, crystal glass—anywhere except in Cleve Levison's clear blue eyes, that were fixed upon him in an intensity of earnest regard that was part misery, part indignation, part keenly grave trouble.

Handsome blue eyes they were, that many a woman had looked into and admired, and sought to soften into responsive admiration, and failed—clear, haughty blue eyes true indices of the wealth of manly grandeur of soul and intelligence that lay back of them—eyes that never had glowed and warmed with passionate love until Muriel Cloudesley's sweet face, with its dimpled cheek and chin, its complexion of pink and pearl, its laughing, shadowy black eyes, its glorious framework of lustrous pale gold hair, had satisfied his aesthetic taste, and taught him that he was not the idiot he had almost come to consider himself.

She had only drifted into his life a brief, blissful three months ago, but Cupid and Destiny had allied their forces, and made smoothly pleasant paths for their loitering feet, and he had taken the ardent kisses of an accepted lover from her sweet red lips, and heard her acknowledge that she loved him with a strength and fervor that satisfied him completely.

And Muriel's father had watched the growing intimacy between his one child and the handsome, proud young lover, who would one day doubtless make his mark in the world by reason of his talents—rare, true genius that even now was laying the foundation of a career of fame, although, as yet, fortune was lagging.

He had read many of Levison's articles, and he knew the ring of the true metal, and had not objected that his daughter hoped to share her lover's fame and fortune when years perhaps of keen self-denial had wood the fickle goads.

So the engagement had been sanctioned, and hope, and joy, and perfect content had lent wonderful power to Cleve Levison's pen, and a little money had come in that was laid aside with religious care, against the glad hour when he should take Muriel for his very own, to think and care for.

Right into all this pure happiness of honest hard-working and waiting came an awful shock—a shock that took several minutes to even faintly comprehend after Mr. Cloudesley had made Levison acquainted with it.

It had been a very brief statement—great sorrows and great joys seldom take a dozen words to express them—and Mr. Cloudesley had blundered it out while Cleve stood looking at him in white-faced alarm.

"Mr. Levison—you see—you know I never could have guessed how it would be; but now that Muriel's grand-aunt is dead, who never has noticed us in her life, but for whom my wife would name the girl—now that the old lady has left her fortune to Muriel—"

A distressed compression of his lips told of the pain Levison was suffering.

"And now you are sorry you promised your daughter to a man you thought good enough in your own poverty. Is that it?"

The voice was clear and almost harsh, but the anguish under it was well kept down.

The old gentleman fidgeted restlessly.

"You put it rather roughly, Mr. Levison, but I suppose that's about it. Don't you think she ought to have a man you thought good enough in your own poverty?"

The voice was clear and almost harsh, but the anguish under it was well kept down.

"Congratulate me, mon cher ami; cease your kind efforts in my behalf. I am his wife, and he may be well and as good as ever, but the circumstances of his wife's life are such that he could not do without her."

"Selph! If you were any living man than the father of the woman I love I'd knock you down in your tracks! Answer me one word: did Muriel send you to me?"

His voice was cold and stern and his eyes full of the cold, haughty look women had often tried to melt—that Adas Tivoral had almost sworn she would melt, and only tried to fail as less beautiful, less fascinating women had done.

Mr. Cloudesley rose undecidedly, with a nervous look, half askance, in Levison's stormy eyes.

"No; she is such a child, so foolish, so taking in the air; and, 'playing the silk' to them, they fairly flew down the road. Sometimes the hind wheels would not touch the ground for twenty feet. But the horses never for a moment left the road. They had been broken to run the track and nothing could start them out of it. The leaders were fast and kept the fifth chain taut. So, away they went down that mountain road, with the Englishmen scream-

ing and Bob laughing, and I still using the long whip. When the stage got within two miles of the station, the stock-tender saw them coming, and knew they were running away. The doors of the stable were large double doors, and high enough to permit the coach to go in. He knew the ponies were used to running right into the stable. So he thought the best way was not to stop them, but allow them their own way.

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On they came, straight as an arrow, for the door. Bob and Cap Crickett, seeing that they were going in, got down in the boot. In they rushed, and would probably have been all right had it not been for the small log that was laying across the entrance which was used in fastening the door. The front wheels struck this with such force that it caused the coach to bound up about two feet. The top of the door frame just struck the top of the coach, and tore it completely off, and there lay men, coach, horses, in one mass in the center of the stable. No one was seriously injured, but some of the passengers were bruised.

Bob, extricating himself from the debris, smiled, and coolly asked:

"Well, how do you like staging in this blasted country?"

Then, backing the stage up, minus a top, he put on another fresh team, and sung out, "All aboard!"

But not one of the passengers would ride with him, as they were perfectly satisfied with his kind of blasted staging.

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